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SYNOPSIS.

Jack Keith, a Virginian, now a border plainsman, is riding along the Santa Fe trail on the lookout for roaming war parties of savages. He notices a camp fire at a distance and then sees a team attached to a wagon and at full gallop pursued by men on ponies. When Keith reaches the wagon the raiders have massacred two men and departed. He searches the victims finding papers and a locket with a woman's portrait. He resolves to hunt down the murderers.

CHAPTER III.—(Continued.)

The trail, continually skirting the high bluff and bearing farther away from the river, turned sharply into a narrow ravine. There was a considerable break in the rocky barrier here, leading back for perhaps a hundred yards, and the plainsman turned his horse that way, dismounting when out of sight among the boulders. He could rest here until night with little danger of discovery. He lay down on the rocks, pillowing his head on the saddle, but his brain was too active to permit sleeping. Finally he drew the letters from out his pocket, and began examining them. They yielded very little information, those taken from the older man having no envelopes to show to whom they had been addressed. The single document found in the pocket of the other was a memorandum of account at the Pioneer Store at Topeka, charged to John Sibley, and marked paid. This then must have been the younger man's name, as the letters to the other began occasionally "Dear Will." They were missives such as a wife might write to a husband long absent, yet upon a mission of deep interest to both. Keith could not fully determine what this mission might be, as the persons evidently understood each other so thoroughly that mere allusion took the place of detail. Twice the name Phyllis was mentioned, and once a "Fred" was also referred to, but in neither instance clearly enough to reveal the relationship, although the latter appeared to be pleaded for. Certain references caused the belief that these letters had been mailed from some small Missouri town, but no name was mentioned. They were invariably signed "Mary." The only other paper Keith discovered was a brief itinerary of the Santa Fe trail extending as far west as the Raton Mountains, giving the usual camping spots and places where water was accessible. He slipped the papers back into his pocket with a distinct feeling of disappointment, and lay back staring up at the little strip of blue sky. The silence was profound, even his horse standing motionless, and finally he fell asleep.

The sun had disappeared, and even the gray of twilight was fading out of the sky, when Keith returned again to consciousness, aroused by his horse rolling on the soft turf. He awoke thoroughly refreshed, and eager to get away on his long night's ride. A cold lunch, hastily eaten, for a fire would have been dangerous, and he saddled up and was off, trotting out of the narrow ravine and into the broad trail, which could be followed without difficulty under the dull gleam of the stars. Horse and rider were soon at their best, the animal swinging unurged into the long, easy lope of prairie travel, the fresh air fanning the man's face as he leaned forward. Once they halted to drink from a narrow stream, and then pushed on, hour after hour, through the deserted night. Keith had little fear of Indian raiders in that darkness, and every stride of his horse brought him closer to the settlements and further removed from danger. Yet eyes and ears were alert to every shadow and sound. Once, it must have been after midnight, he drew his pony sharply back into a rock shadow at the noise of something approaching from the east. The stage to Santa Fe rattled past, the four mules trotting swiftly, a squad of troopers riding hard behind. It was merely a tumping shadow sweeping swiftly past; he could perceive the dim outlines of driver and guard, the soldiers swaying in their saddles, heard the pounding of hoofs, the creak of axles, and then the apparition disappeared into the black void. He had not called out—what was the use? Those people would never pause to hunt down prairie outlaws, and their guard was sufficient to prevent attack. They acknowledged but one duty—to get the mail through on time.

The dust of their passing still in the air, Keith rode on, the noise dying away in his rear. As the hours passed, his horse wearied and had to be spurred into the swifter stride, but the man seemed tireless. The sun was an hour high when they climbed the long hill, and loped into Carson City. The cantonment was to the right, but Keith, having no report to make, rode directly ahead down the one long street to a livery corral, leaving his horse there, and sought the nearest restaurant.

Exhausted by a night of high play and deep drinking, the border town was sleeping off its debauch, saloons and gambling dens silent, the streets almost deserted. To Keith, whose former acquaintance with the place had been entirely after nightfall, the view of it now was almost a shock—the miserable shacks, the gaudy saloon fronts, the littered streets, the dingy, unpainted hotel, the dirty flap of canvas, the unoccupied road, the dull prairie sweeping away to the horizon, all composed a hideous picture beneath the sun glare. He could scarcely find a man to attend his horse, and at the restaurant a drowsy Chinaman had to be shaken awake, and frightened into serving him. He sat down to the miserable meal oppressed with disgust—never before had his life seemed so mean, useless, utterly without excuse.

"Are You Goin' to Raise a Row, or Come Along Quietly?"

He possessed the appetite of the open, of the normal man in perfect physical health, and he ate heartily, his eyes wandering out of the open window down the long, dismal street. A drunken man lay in front of the "Red Light" saloon sleeping undisturbed; two cur dogs were snarling at each other just beyond over a bone; a movers' wagon was slowly coming in across the open through a cloud of yellow dust. That was all within the radius of vision. For the first time in years the East called him—the old life of cleanliness and respectability. He swore to himself as he tossed the Chinaman pay for his breakfast, and strode out onto the steps. Two men were coming up the street together from the opposite direction—one lean, dark-skinned, with black goatee, the other heavily set with closely trimmed gray beard. Keith knew the latter, and waited, leaning against the door, one hand on his hip.

"Hullo, Bob," he said genially; "they must have routed you out pretty early today."

"They shore did, Jack," was the response. He came up the steps somewhat heavily, his companion stopping below. "The boys raise hell all night, an' then come ter me ter straighten it out in the mawnin'. When did ye git in?"

"An hour ago; had to wake the 'chink' up to get any chuck. Town looks dead."

"Tain't over lively at this time o' day," permitting his blue eyes to wander up the silent street, but instantly bringing them back to Keith's face, "but I reckon it'll wake up later on."

He stood squarely on both feet, and one hand rested on the butt of a revolver. Keith noticed this, wondering vaguely.

"I reckon yer know, Jack, as how I ginerally git what I goes after," said the slow, drawling voice, "an' that I draw 'bout as quick as any o' the boys. They tell me yo're a gun-fighter, but it won't do ye no good ter make a play yere, fer one o' us is sure to git yer—do yer sabe?"

"Get me?" Keith's voice and face expressed astonishment, but not a muscle of his body moved. "What do you mean, Bob—are you fellows after me?"

"Sure thing; got the warrant here," and he tapped the breast of his shirt with his left hand.

The color mounted into the cheeks of the other, his lips grew set and white, and his gray eyes darkened.

"Let it all out, Marshal," he said sternly, "you've got me roped and tied. Now what's the charge?"

Neither man moved, but the one below swung about so as to face them, one hand thrust out of sight beneath the tail of his long coat.

"Make him throw up his hands, Bob," he said sharply.

"Oh, I reckon thar ain't goin' ter be no trouble," returned the marshal genially, yet with no relaxation of attention. "Keith knows me, an' expects a fair deal. Still, maybe I better ask yer to unhitch yer belt, Jack."

A moment Keith seemed to hesitate, plainly puzzled by the situation and endeavoring to see some way of escape; then his lips smiled, and he silently unhooked the belt, handing it over.

"Sure, I know you're square, Hicks," he said, coolly. "And now I've unlimbered, kindly inform me what this is all about."

"I reckon yer don't know."

"No more than an unborn babe. I have been here but an hour."

"That's it: if yer had been longer thar wouldn't be no trouble. Yo're wanted for killin' a couple o' men out at Cimmaron Crossin' early yesterday mornin'."

Keith stared at him too completely astounded for the instant to even speak. Then he gasped.

"For God's sake, Hicks, do you believe that?"

"I'm damned if I know," returned the marshal, doubtfully. "Don't seem like ye'd do it, but the evidence is straight 'nough, an' thar ain't nothin' fer me ter do but take ye in. I ain't no jedge an' jury."

"No, but you ought to have ordinary sense, an' you've known me for three years."

"Sure I have, Jack, but if yee've gone wrong, you won't be the first good man I've seen do it. Anyhow, the evidence is dead agin you, an' I'd arrest my own grand-dad if they give me a warrant agin him."

"What evidence is there?"

"Five men swear they saw ye haulin' the bodies about, and lootin' the pockets."

Then Keith understood, his heart beating rapidly, his teeth clenched to keep back an outburst of passion. So that was their game, was it?—some act of his had awakened the cowardly suspicions of those watching him across the river. They were afraid that he knew them as white men. And they had found a way to safely muzzle him. They must have ridden hard over those sand dunes to have reached Carson City and sworn out this warrant. It was a good trick, likely enough to hang him, if the fellows only stuck to their story. All this flashed through his brain, yet somehow he could not clearly comprehend the full meaning, his mind confused and dazed by this sudden realization of danger. His eyes wandered from the steady gaze of the marshal, who had half drawn his gun fearing resistance, to the man at the bottom of the steps. Suddenly it dawned upon him where he had seen that dark-skinned face, with the black goatee, before—at the faro table of the "Red Light." He gripped his hands together, instantly connecting that sneering, sinister face with the plot.

"Who swore out that warrant?"

"I did, if you need to know," a sarcastic smile revealing a gleam of white teeth, "on the affidavit of others, friends of mine."

"Who are you?"

"I'm mostly called 'Black Bart.'"

That was it; he had the name now—"Black Bart." He straightened up so quickly, his eyes blazing, that the marshal jerked his gun clear.

"See here, Jack," shortly, "are yer goin' to raise a row, or come along quiet?"

As though the words had aroused him from a bad dream, Keith turned to front the stern, bearded face.

"There'll be no row, Bob," he said, quietly. "I'll go with you."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

JEW IN PLACE OF POWER

As Governor of Egypt, Sir Matthew Nathan Would Occupy Position Once Held by Joseph.

Should Sir Matthew Nathan, former governor of Natal, be appointed to succeed Sid Eldon Gorst as governor of Egypt, history will have taken one of those curious turns that set agog the discerners of signs and omens, for this appointment that is pending would place in supreme administrative control of Egypt the second Jew in four thousand years.

Sir Matthew Nathan would be the successor to Joseph of his race in the administration of a country that in the time of Pharoah, who befriended Joseph, was the granary of the world, and in these later days is becoming one of the most significant countries of modern times.

Those who con the sacred scriptures for cues for the turns history may make will seize upon this incident as fulfilling one or another prediction or fancied prediction of the past, and much may be built upon it. In fact, it will be but a coincidence, but one of unusual interest, however. The practical import will be that Sir Matthew Nathan is reckoned a fine administrator and worthy of all honor.

Universal Race Congress.

In the official call for the first universal race congress, suggested by Prof. Felix Adler, at Eisenach, in July, 1906, the president, Lord Weardale, says: "Great is the historic pride of London. Great also are its manifold tragedies of squalor and poverty. This varied story will be distinguished in the summer of 1911 (July 26-29), by an episode both brilliant and unexampled. In London will assemble mankind in council. Representatives of all human groups will come from the four quarters, and lands that know the Pole star and regions that lie under the southern cross will meet each other in friendly intercourse, in the First Universal Race congress. The official congress languages will be English, German, Italian and French, though an oriental tongue may now and then announce the soul of Asia."

No Dust, No Light.

Diffusion of light through the atmosphere is due to thousands of millions of dust-atoms floating in it. The finest dust floats highest, and imparts the tint of blue to the heavens. Were it not for dust the sky by day would appear black, and the moon and stars would be visible. All shadows would then by inky black. Everything would appear differently. It is not "the light" we see, but simply reflections caused by motes of dust, as when a ray of sunlight enters a dark room through a hole in the shutters. Millions of dust particles catch the light, reflecting it back and forth from one another, so making the atmosphere luminous.

He Prayed for Lucy Gray

Bashful Young Curate Didn't Know Object of Solicitude Was Entry in Steeplechase.

How to win the hearts of his congregation was unconsciously solved by an innocent young curate. Dean Hole, in his "Letters," tells the following story:

"A young curate a good fellow, but very shy and bashful, came into a parish which was occupied by Yorkshire yeomen who bred horses and rode them and sometimes had steeplechases. He did not get on and was very much depressed.

"One day the clerk said to him: 'If you please, sir, the prayers of the church are desired for Lucy Gray.'

"'Very well,' said the curate, and at every service in which the prayer for all sorts and conditions of men was offered the church was asked to pray for Lucy Gray, till one morning the clerk rushed into the vestry and said:

"'You needn't pray for Lucy Gray any more; she's won the steeplechase.'

"'Have I been praying for a horse?' asked the curate. 'I shall leave the place.'

"But the clerk said: 'You'll do naught of the sort, sir; I thought little of ye when ye came, but now ye've got the hearts of them all and ye can do what ye like in the parish since ye took to praying for that horse.'"

An Incentive.

"Now, my boy," said the head of the firm, "if you will attend strictly to your duties I will do something fine for you. I want you to always ask, when you answer the telephone, who it is before you let it be known whether I am here or not, and always be careful, when the people come here, to find out who they are and what they want before you come into the private office to learn whether I wish to see them or not."

"Yes, sir," replied the new office boy, "I understand. I had to do that where I worked before."

"Very well. See that you make no mistakes, and, as I have said, I will do something nice for you."

"What are you goin' to do for me if I give satisfaction—raise me wages?"

"Well, I can't promise that, exactly, but I'll bring you the score cards of the ball games and let you make an album of them if you tend to business properly. I never miss a game."

Diplomacy in the House

Some People Might Call It Lying, but the Guest Was Quite Satisfied.

"Sometimes it is an awkward matter to get a temporary tenant out of a suite that has been promised for a certain day," a hotel manager said, "and you have to use diplomacy in such a case. Occasionally lying is necessary.

"A man from San Francisco came to us in the busy season and the only thing we could do for him was to detach a room with bath from a suite that was promised for the next day. He was to stay over only one night, anyhow, we understood. But he did not leave and the family we expected came in. I was in a quandary, but as the San Franciscan was downtown I had his clothes and baggage moved out to a room upstairs that fortunately fell vacant. When he came in I thought for a moment and then I said: 'I am sorry, Mr. X, but I have had to move your things out of that room.'

"'Why was that?' he demanded, flaring up.

"'We discovered that the ceiling was leaking.'

"'Good gracious! My clothes didn't get wet, did they?' he demanded.

"He was much relieved when I assured him that they didn't; so much so that he made no kick at all."—New York Sun.

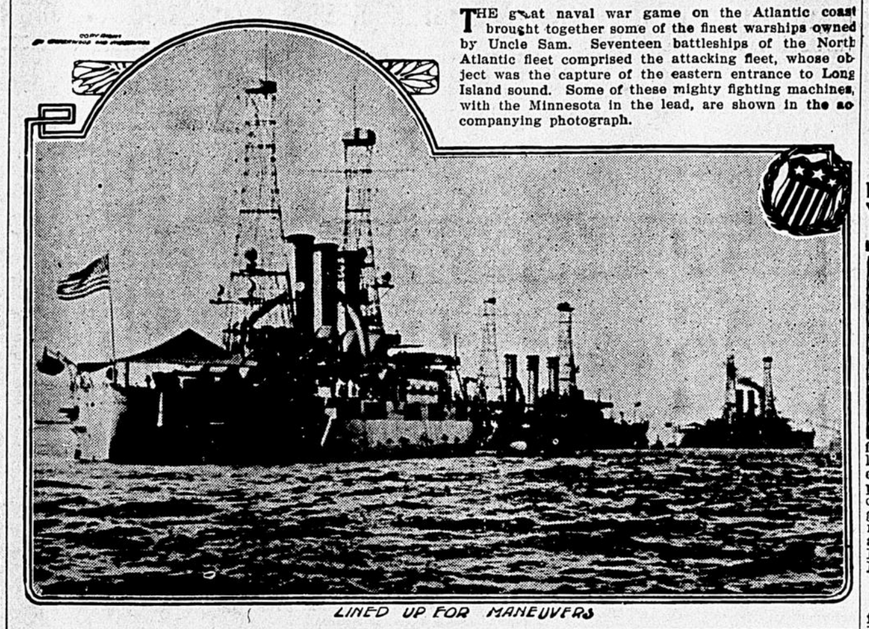
The True Difference.

D. C. Richardson, the mayor of Richmond, Va., was talking about a politician whose policy was remarkably obstructional and pig headed.

"Dash," said Mayor Richardson, "is one of those men who never learn the true difference between perseverance and obstinacy. Perseverance, you know, is a strong will, and obstinacy is a strong won't."

BIG BATTLESHIPS IN THE WAR GAME

THE great naval war game on the Atlantic coast brought together some of the finest warships owned by Uncle Sam. Seventeen battleships of the North Atlantic fleet comprised the attacking fleet, whose object was the capture of the eastern entrance to Long Island sound. Some of these mighty fighting machines, with the Minnesota in the lead, are shown in the accompanying photograph.



LINED UP FOR MANEUVERS

REAP WITH CRADLES

Old-Time Farmers Show Revolution of Farm Machinery.

Veteran Swings Scythe at Ninety and Explains How He Harvested Grain Seventy-Five Years Ago at DeKalb.

Chicago.—From the shadows of the past came reapers of 50 and 70 years ago to the Henry Whitmore farm the other day, near DeKalb, and in the role of harvesters pitted themselves against the marvelous machinery of modern times.

More than 1,000, many of whom came in automobiles, watched the men harvesting grain in as many ways as have been contrived since agricultural pursuits have been followed on the American continent. There was the old-fashioned cradle, the sickle and scythe, the early-day reaper and the modern binder. It was a panoramic history of one of the most important phases of the industrial life of America.

White-haired, patriarchal in appearance, his shoulders bent with the weight of years, "Uncle" William Allen of Sycamore, swung his cradle for five minutes as he was wont to do three-quarters of a century ago. And as he cut his last swath, he leaned on the handle of his cradle and laughed at the incongruity of the picture presented.

"Looks silly, doesn't it?" he asked of the cheering spectators. "Times have certainly changed since I began harvesting." And his old eyes followed a modern binding machine cutting a wide swath, gathering up the fallen grain and tying it in bundles.

"I am 91 years old," said the veteran harvester as the binder turned a corner, "but if I could live 20 years more I would see even greater changes in the world than since I first began swinging a cradle in a harvest field."

Among the reapers were C. W. and W. W. Marsh, two brothers, who have lived more than the allotted threescore years and ten, and who are credited with being the first to have conceived the idea of the reaper. Their first machine was brought forth and cut a swath around the ten-acre field. As crude as it seemed to the throng of spectators, it was a marvel compared to the cradle which they had used for years before they brought the reaper into being.

"I am glad to have lived to see this day," said the elder of the Marsh brothers. "Farming today is not what it was when we were boys. Look at that binder. See how the driver fairly sails through that ocean of grain. Isn't it worth living to see?"

Following the exhibition in the field, bundles of wheat and oats were brought to the lawn of the Whitmore home and spread on the grass, where it was thrashed by old-fashioned flails by men who had swung flails long before the thrashing machine was ever dreamed of.

Speechmaking and music concluded the day's program and refreshments were served in old-fashioned style to the hungry harvesters.

WANTED TO SHOW THE JUDGE

Magistrate Calls Halt When Girl Starts to Bare Form in Court—Case Was Dismissed.

New York.—William McMeehan of 298 Avenue A was so little anxious to see his wife outside the Yorkville court the other day that he waited until a policeman went along with him.

McMeehan was a complainant against his comely stepdaughter, Mary Miller, a pocket edition maiden, charged with presenting a large black eye to her foster parent.

"She is all the time beating me," the man told the court.

"He hit he first," said the tiny woman.

"Where?" asked Magistrate Steinert in a moment of judicial indiscretion.

The girl started to let the drapery down from a well rounded shoulder. There was a threat of a more intimate knowledge of the family affairs of the McMeehans.

"Hold on; don't do that; this case is dismissed," said the magistrate.

"I'll see you outside," said Mrs. McMeehan to her husband.

McMeehan said he was in no particular hurry about going. He waited for a policeman going his way.

SEND RATTLESNAKE BY MAIL

Californian Made Custodian of Innumerable Collection of Spiders, Bugs and Strange Things.

Los Angeles, Cal.—A live rattlesnake held captive in a large oil can which in turn was reinforced with a wooden box arrived at the Hollenbeck consigned to Charles Mead.

Since his receipt of the rare Latrodectus manctus, or red spotted spider, the most poisonous insect of its kind, Smead has been made the custodian of an innumerable collection of spiders, bugs and curious living things that crawl, creep and fly, the latest being the rattlesnake.

A friend residing in Calzona having read of the fact that the hotel man had received the spider decided on a more peculiar gift and as a result set out to catch the snake, of which species there are many in that section of the country. In a letter accompanying the gift, the donor mentions the manner of its capture and hopes that Smead will be able to add to the collection which he has or is making for the southwest museum. As yet Smead has not been able to decide whether the serpent shall be killed and his skin tanned and stuffed or whether to turn it over to some of the Main street side show fakers.

From Don Cabezos, on the Mexican border, Smead several days ago received one of the most perfect specimens of a scorpion ever seen here. It is five and one-half inches in length with not a vertebra or a claw displaced in the horrible land crab. In addition two splendid specimens of the centipede were inclosed.

A mining man residing in Lower California undertook to show his esteem for the hotel man by shipping him a pair of bats captured in a great guano cave along the west shore. They were both dead, but preserved in such a manner that they will keep for a long time. In the letter accompanying the bats the mining man tells a wonderful tale of the millions of these night flyers that at about seven o'clock in the evening begin to leave the caves.

"They pour forth in one steady stream for a period of more than three hours, all going out over the ocean in their flight. At about three o'clock in the morning they begin to return, flying from the land side, having evidently completed a big circle in their flight. Again it takes them several hours to get inside. The caves are so foul smelling, so vilely black that they have never been fully explored."

Bathing Suits in Church.

New York.—The following advertisement appears in a Montclair (N. J.) newspaper:

"The Brookdale Baptist church will be in session at 9:30 tomorrow morning. No collection. Please bring bathing suits."

None of the officials of the church who might explain the advertisement could be found.

BONE ON HIS BRAIN

Removal May Restore Victim to His Right Mind.

New York Man Recovers Speech After Operation and Surgeons Believe Frequent Attacks of Insanity Will Now Cease.

New Haven, Conn.—Removal of a piece of a patient's skull which had come in contact with the brain brought back the power of speech to Harry Wiltse of 154 Plymouth street.

For six months Mr. Wiltse had been unable to utter a word, but when Dr. Morris D. Slattery, who performed the operation in the presence of a dozen or more prominent surgeons in the city, came into the operating room again after leaving it to see another patient, Mr. Wiltse raised his head from the pillow, and in a distinct but low tone said: "Hello, Doc."

There was great surprise at the moment and the news quickly circulated to the physicians who had been interested in the case. They proclaimed the belief that when Mr. Wiltse fully recovers his strength, his speech would be as good as ever. They also believe that frequent attacks of insanity, the result of injury to Mr. Wiltse's head 21 years ago, will cease. The operation was performed in the hospital of St. Raphael.

The injury to Mr. Wiltse, who is 36 years old, came to him when he was 15. He was playing ball near his home in Forty-fifth street, New York city, one afternoon, when he was run over by a team, the horse stepping on the boy's head. He was taken unconscious to a hospital, where it was found that his skull was fractured. He remained in the hospital about six months, but as a result of the injury insanity developed.

He was later sent to the insane asylum in Middletown, N. Y., and after a few years there he was released as cured. Three years ago, however, he became insane again, and was once more removed to the asylum. While at the institution he had lucid intervals, followed by clouded reason. After treatment for about a year he was released and came to this city. He made his home with his brother, John Wiltse, an electrical worker. Last summer his condition again compelled his removal to the state asylum in Norwich for a few months.

Last December Mr. Wiltse was again taken to the Norwich asylum. After a month there his condition became such that he could not utter a sound and remained in that state until the other day, when the operation was performed. Now he talks rationally to his nurse, and the attending physicians believe that he will be cured of all insanity before long.

BOY'S MILLION DOLLAR HOME

$25,000 for Furnishing Apartment for Little Russell Hopkins—Also Have Private Zoo.

New York.—Russell Hopkins of Atlanta, consul general from Panama to this country, has just purchased a $1,000,000 house at 1045 Fifth avenue for his baby son, John Randolph Hopkins, who was born two months ago in the Hotel St. Regis.

The baby's grandmother, Mrs. J. J. Lawrence, will spend $25,000 in furnishing a suite of rooms which are to serve for the nursery.

The roof of the house will be covered with a steel wire case and converted into a playground. One end will be used for a small private zoo.

Three Pastors in 100 Years.

Claysville, Pa.—The Claysville United Presbyterian church celebrated its hundredth anniversary Sunday. The church holds a record in that it has had but three continuous pastorates in its 100 years' existence. The present pastor, Rev. Alexander McLachlin, has been with the church since 1872.

New Rodent Is Discovered

Nevada Golden Mantled Ground Squirrel and Two Other Strange Animals Found in West.

Berkeley, Cal.—The finding of three new species of animals, hitherto unknown to scientists, is reported in the account of the discoveries of an expedition sent to Humboldt county, Nev., by the University of California. The newly classified animals will be known as the Nevada golden mantled ground squirrel, the Nevada wood rat and the intermediate short-tailed meadow mouse.

The expedition was headed by Professor W. P. Taylor, curator of mammals in the California Museum of Vertebrae Zoology. With him were Miss Annie M. Alexander, Miss Louise Kellogg and Charles H. Richardson.

Scarcity of big game was reported, the only species found being the mule deer, the prong-horned antelope and the wildcat. The expedition also explored Virgin valley.

Regular at Sunday School.

Canton, O.—George Austin, Hartville's centenarian, was an attendant at all sessions of the Stark-Carroll Lutheran Sunday School convention, which closed the other day at Hartville. He was a speaker at the last day's exercises. Austin is now 103 years old and has attended Sunday school since he was 3.

COWS IN A CONFECTIONERY

Their Stay Is Short but Exciting to Customers Who Were Present When They Paid a Visit.

Sheridan, Ore.—Quite a number of customers were in the confectionery store of J. L. Morris when three cows entered and took charge of things. A small herd of cattle was being driven to the depot stockyards and three of the animals escaped.

The trio of cows rushed through the open door, disregarding the cries and antics of passersby to head them off, and they were soon browsing among the immaculate showcases. The soda fountain and showcases appeared to be demolished by the first headlong rush, and frightened women clerks sought the "high places" without ceremony.

A large crowd watched the peculiar performance from the outside. The cattle were induced finally to leave the store.

Drives Bees From Church.

Ridgely, Md.—For years bees have lived inside the weather boarding of Ruthsburg Methodist church, a frame structure. Recently they have annoyed the worshipers by stinging them. The trustees ordered J. H. Smith to rid the church of the bees, which he accomplished by smothering them at night. When the weatherboarding was torn off several hundred pounds of fine honey were gathered, having been accumulated there for years.

SAVED FROM AN OPERATION

By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Peoria, Ill.—"I wish to let every one know what Lydia E. Pinkham's remedies have done for me. For two years I suffered. The doctors said I had tumors, and the only remedy was the surgeon's knife. My mother bought me Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and today I am a healthy woman. For months I suffered from inflammation, and your Sanative Wash relieved me. Your Liver Pills have no equal as a cathartic. Any one wishing proof of what your medicines have done for me can get it from any druggist or by writing to me. You can use my testimonial in any way you wish, and I will be glad to answer letters."—Mrs. CHRISTINA REED, 105 Mound St., Peoria, Ill.

Another Operation Avoided.

New Orleans, La.—"For years I suffered from severe female troubles. Finally I was confined to my bed and the doctor said an operation was necessary. I gave Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial first, and was saved from an operation."—Mrs. LILY PEYROUX, 1111 Kerlerec St., New Orleans, La.

The great volume of unsolicited testimony constantly pouring in proves conclusively that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a remarkable remedy for those distressing feminine ills from which so many women suffer.

BLACKMAILING MUST BE ART

Amateur Makes Mistake When He Seeks to Make Money in Such an Avocation.

Police Commissioner Waldo of New York was talking about blackmailers.

"They are, as a rule, stupid," he said. "Their threatening letters are as ludicrous in their stupidity as a letter a friend of mine received the other day."

And Commissioner Waldo, with a laugh, produced the letter. Written in a large, boyish hand, it said:

"Deer sir—Your winder was broken by a bad boi wat throo it throo four thee pirpus. The ball beelonged two mee, but an eneme of mine sneaked it and did the deed to put the blaame on mee. I am sorry he did it, and that it have give you grate pain, and I have persecuted the perpeetrater wot done it. But you would not have thee innocent suffer fer the bilty, so, if you drop thee ball over the garden wall. If you don't beware!—(Signed) Innocent."

HE WAS HUNGRY, TOO.

Mrs. Justwed—There's nothing in the house fit to eat. I'm going home to my mother.

Mr. Justwed (broke)—Wait till I get my hat, and I'll go with you.

Not Sufficiently Eager.

A little miss of five years was under the ban of disobedience. She had been told to put away her playthings, as it was near bedtime. She did not obey the command, and, when forced to do so, gave way to a petulant display of temper. Her father, who was upstairs, heard the commotion, and, being made acquainted with the cause, summoned the child to his presence. Irma started to the stairs, but suddenly made a turn, dashed along the hall, and out of the house. Of course she was soon captured, but her excitement was so great that she was put to bed at once. Mother's effort soothed the child and then she was asked: "Why did you run away when your father called you?" The reply came promptly enough: "You don't suppose, mamma, that I wanted a whipping bad enough to go upstairs after it?"

LUCKY MISTAKE.

Grocer Sent Pkg. of Postum and Opened the Eyes of the Family.

A lady writes from Brookline, Mass.: "A package of Postum was sent me one day by mistake.

"I notified the grocer, but finding that there was no coffee for breakfast next morning I prepared some of the Postum, following the directions very carefully.

"It was an immediate success in my family, and from that day we have used it constantly, parents and children, too—for my three rosy youngsters are allowed to drink it freely at breakfast and luncheon. They think it delicious, and I would have a mutiny on my hands should I omit the beloved beverage.

"My husband used to have a very delicate stomach while we were using coffee, but to our surprise his stomach has grown strong and entirely well since we quit coffee and have been on Postum.

"Noting the good effects in my family I wrote to my sister, who was a coffee toper, and after much persuasion got her to try Postum.

"She was prejudiced against it at first, but when she presently found that all the ailments that coffee gave her left and she got well quickly she became and remains a thorough and enthusiastic Postum convert.

"Her nerves, which had become shattered by the use of coffee have grown healthy again, and today she is a new woman, thanks to Postum." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich., and the "cause why" will be found in the great little book, "The Road to Wellville," which comes in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.